

# THE POLYNESIAN.

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## THE POLYNESIAN,

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[From the German of Schiller.]

### The Words of Error.

Three errors there are, that forever are found  
On the lips of the good, on the lips of the best;  
But empty their meaning and hollow their sound—  
And slight is the comfort they bring to the breast,  
The fruits of existence escape from the clasp  
Of the seeker who strives but these shadows to grasp.

So long as Man dreams of some Age in this life,  
When the Right and the Good will all evil subdue;  
For the Right and the Good lead us ever to strife,  
And wherever they lead us, the Fiend will pursue.  
And (till from the earth borne, and stifled at length)  
The earth that he touches still gifts him with strength!

So long as man fancies that Fortune will live,  
Like a bride with her lover, united with Worth;  
For her favors, alas! to the mean she will give—  
And virtue possesses no title to earth!  
That Foreigner wanders to regions afar,  
Where the lands of her birthright immortally are!

So long as Man dreams that, to mortals a gift,  
The Truth in her fullness of splendor will shine;  
The veil of the goddess no earth-born may lift,  
And all we can learn is—to guess and divine.  
Dost thou seek, in a dogma, to prison her form?  
The spirit flies forth on the wings of the storm!

O, Noble Soul! fly from delusions like these,  
More heavenly belief be it thine to adore;  
Where the Ear never hears, the eye never sees,  
Meet the rivers of Beauty and Truth evermore;  
Not without thee the streams—there the dull seek them  
—No!

Look within thee—behold both the fount and the flow!

### The Words of Belief.

Three Words will I name thee—around and about,  
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;  
But they have not their birth in the being without,  
And the heart, not the lip, must their oracle be!  
And all worth in the man shall forever be o'er  
When in those Three Words he believes no more.

Man is made FREE! Man, by birthright, is free,  
Though the tyrant may deem him but born for his tool!  
Whatever the shout of the rabble may be—  
Whatever the ranting misuse of the fool—  
Still fear not the Slave, when he breaks from his chain,  
For the Man made a Freeman grows safe in his gain.

And Virtue is more than a shade or a sound,  
And Man may her voice, in this being, obey;  
And though ever he slip on the stony ground,  
Yet ever again to the godlike way.  
Though her wisdom our wisdom may not perceive,  
Yet the childlike spirit can still believe.

And a God there is! over Space, over Time!  
While the Human Will rocks, like a reed, to and fro,  
Lives the Will of the Holy—A Purpose Sublime,  
A thought woven over creation below;  
Changing and shifting the All we inherit,  
But changeless through all One Immutible Spirit!

Hold fast the Three Words of Belief—though about  
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning they flee;  
Yet they take not their birth from the being without—  
But a voice from within must their oracle be;  
And never all worth in the Man can be o'er,  
Till in those Three Words he believes no more.

## THE POLYNESIAN.

HONOLULU, SATURDAY, NOV. 7, 1846.

### A Yankee.

The following is the substance of a story, as told  
by Mr. Dallas, at a public dinner given him in Philadelphia, on his return from Russia, in 1838.

One day a lad, apparently about eighteen, presented himself before our ambassador at St. Petersburg. He was a pure specimen of the genus Yankee: with sleeves too short for his bony arms, trousers half way up to his knees, and hands playing with coppers and ten-penny nails in his pocket. He introduced himself by saying—"I've just come out here to trade, with a few Yankee notions, and I want to get sight of the Emperor."

"Why do you wish to see him?"

"I've brought him a present, all the way from Ameriky. I respect him considerable, and I want to get at him, to give it to him with my own hands." Mr. Dallas smiled, as he answered, "It is such a common thing, my lad, to make crowned heads a present, expecting something handsome in return, that I'm afraid the Emperor will consider this a Yankee trick. What have you brought?"

"An acorn."

"An acorn! what under the sun induced you to bring the Emperor of Russia an acorn?"

"Why jest before I sailed, mother and I went on to Washington to see about a pension; and when we was there, we thought we'd jest step over to Mount Vernon. I picked up this acorn there; and I thought to myself I'd bring it to the Emperor. Thinks says I, he must have heard a considerable deal about our General Washington, and I expect he must admire our institutions. So now you see I've brought it, and I want to get at him."

"My lad, it's not an easy matter to approach the Emperor; and I am afraid he will take no notice of your present. You had better keep it."

"I tell you I want to have a talk with him. I expect I can tell him a thing or two about Ameriky. I guess he'd like mighty well to hear about our rail-roads and our free schools, and what a big swell our steamers cut. And when he hears how well our people are getting on, may be it will put him up to doing something. The long and the short on't is, I shan't be easy till I get a talk with the Emperor; and I should like to see his wife and children. I want to see how such folks bring up a family."

"Well, sir, since you are so determined upon it, I will do what I can for you; but you must expect to be disappointed. Though it will be rather an unusual proceeding, I would advise you to call on the vice-chancellor, and state your wishes; he may possibly assist you."

"Well that's all I want of you. I will call again, and let you know how I get on."

In two or three days, he again appeared, and said, "Well, I've seen the Emperor, and had a talk with him. He's a real gentleman, I can tell you. When I gave him the acorn, he said he should set a great store by it; that there was no character in ancient or modern history he admired so much as he did our Washington. He said he'd plant it in his palace

garden with his own hand; and he did do it—for I see him with my own eyes. He wanted to ask me so much about our schools and rail-roads, and one thing or another, that he invited me to come again, and see his daughters: for he said his wife could speak better English than he could. So I went again yesterday; and she's a fine, knowing woman, I tell you; and his daughters are nice gals."

"What did the Empress say to you?"

"Oh, she asked me a sight o' questions. Don't you think, she thought we had no servants in Ameriky? I told her poor folks did their own work, but rich folks had plenty of servants. "But then you don't call 'em servants," said she; "you call 'em help." I guess, ma'am, you've been reading Mrs. Trollope? says I. We had that ere book aboard our ship. The Emperor clapped his hands, and laughed as if he'd kill himself. "You're right, sir," said he, "you're right. We sent for an English copy, and she's been reading it this very morning!" Then I told him all I knew about our country, and he was mighty pleased. He wanted to know how long I expected to stay in these parts. I told him I'd sold all the notions I brought over, and I guessed I should go back in the same ship. I bid 'em good-bye, all around, and went about my business. Ain't I had a glorious time? I expect you didn't calculate to see me run such a rig?"

"No, indeed, I did not, my lad. You may well consider yourself lucky; for it's a very uncommon thing for crowned heads to treat a stranger with so much distinction."

A few days after, he called again, and said, "I guess I shall stay here a spell longer, I'm treated so well. T'other day a grand officer come to my room, and told me the Emperor had sent him to show me all the curiosities; and I dressed myself, and he took me with him in a mighty fine carriage, with four horses; and I've been to the theatre and the museum; and I expect I've seen about all there is to be seen in St. Petersburg. What do you think of that, Mr. Dallas?"

It seemed so incredible that a poor, ungainly Yankee lad should be thus loaded with attentions, that the ambassador scarcely knew what to think or say.

In a short time, his strange visitor re-appeared. "Well," said he, "I made up my mind to go home; so I went to thank the Emperor, and bid him good-bye. I thought I couldn't do no less, he'd been so civil. Says he, 'Is there anything else you'd like to see before you go back to Ameriky?' I told him I should like to get a peep at Moscow; for I'd heard considerable about their setting fire to the Kremlin, and I'd read a deal about General Bonaparte; but it would cost a sight o' money to go there, and I wanted to carry my earnings to mother. So I bid him good-bye, and come off. Now what do you guess he did, next morning? I vow, he sent the same man, in regimentals, to carry me to Moscow in one of his own carriages, and bring me back again, when I've seen all I want to see! And we're going to morrow morning, Mr. Dallas. What do you think now?"

And sure enough, the next morning the Yankee boy passed the ambassador's house in a splendid coach and four, waving his handkerchief, and shouting "Good-bye! Good-bye!"

Mr. Dallas afterward learned from the Emperor that all the particulars related by this adventurous youth were strictly true. He again heard from him at Moscow, waited upon by the public officers and treated with as much attention as is usually bestowed on ambassadors.

The last tidings of him reported that he was travelling in Circassia, and writing a Journal, which he intended to publish.—[Letters from New York by L. Maria Child.]

MORAL COURAGE.—The New York Courier copies with approbation the following extract from the speech of Mr. Brotherton, of the English House of Commons, who alone opposed the vote of thanks moved by Sir Robert Peel to the commanders of the British armies in India, for their decisive victories over the Sikhs:

"Mr. Brotherton said he had no desire to obtrude on the attention of the House, but after the speech of the honorable member for Reading, (Mr. C. Russell) he thought it would appear like pusillanimity on his part, with his well-known sentiments with regard to war, if he did not endeavor to vindicate his principles. Whatever might be said of the honorable member for Reading, he knew that the advocates of the principles of peace were fast gaining ground in this country. He had no wish to destroy the unanimity of the House in voting thanks to those men who had risked their lives for what they believed would promote the honor and safety of their country. But as one of those who believed war to be amongst the greatest scourges of the human race, he should deeply regret to see the military spirit of the country increase, and he believed it could be shown that the best interests of nations could be promoted without it. The right honorable baronet had depicted the horrors of the scenes which had taken place in India, and he (Mr. B.) did not like attributing to the Almighty what he could not look upon with satisfaction. There was a manifest difference between what God ordained and what he permitted; and we should not confound these horrible scenes either with the name or ceremonies of religion. He was, therefore, decidedly against the consecration of flags and placing the banners of war in the temples of peace. He believed that God looked with equal eyes on all mankind, though he might sometimes permit great evils, such as war, to exist amongst them; and he thought it was manifestly wrong to regard those evils which he permitted for our punishment as blessings, for which we were indebted to his good providence."

The following are the concluding remarks of the opening speech of Sir Robert Peel, in the British House of Commons. They are worthy of their distinguished author.

"The conduct of Government is an arduous and difficult undertaking. I may, without irreverence, be permitted to say, that, like our physical frame, our ancient constitution is fearfully and wonderfully made; that it is no easy task to ensure the harmonious and united action of monarchy, aristocracy, and a reformed House of Commons. These are the objects which we have attempted to accomplish, and I cannot think that they are inconsistent with a pure and enlarged conservatism. [Hear, hear.] Power for such objects is really valuable; but for my own part I can say with perfect truth that, even for these objects, I do not covet it. It is a burden far above my physical, infinitely above my intellectual strength. The relief from it with honor would be a favor and not a punishment. But while honor and a sense of public duty require it, I do not shrink from office. I am ready to incur its responsibilities, to bear its sacrifices; to affront its honorable perils; but I will not retain it with mutilated power and shackled authority. [Cheers.] I will not stand at the helm during a tempestuous night, if that helm is not allowed freely to traverse. I will not undertake to direct the course of the vessel by observations taken in the year 1842. [Loud cheers.] I will reserve to myself the unfettered power of judging what will be for the public interest. I do not desire to be Minister of England; but while I am Minister of England, I will hold office by no servile tenure; [loud cheers] I will hold office unshackled by any other obligation than that of consulting the public interests and providing for the public safety." The right honorable gentleman sat down amidst long and continued cheering.

LUTHER AND IGNATIUS LOYOLA.—Luther took a wife, a nun. For thirty years together, Loyola never looked on the female countenance. To overthrow the houses of the order to which he belonged, was the triumph of the Reformer; to establish a new order on indeluctable foundations, the glory of the Saint. The career of one was opened in the cell, and concluded amidst the cares of secular government—the course of life of the other, led him from a youth of camps and palaces to an old age of religious abstraction. Demons haunted both; but to the northern visionary they appeared as foul or malignant fiends, with whom he was to agonize in spiritual strife—to the southern dreamer, as angels of light, marshalling their way to celestial blessedness. As best becomes his Teutonic honesty and singleness of heart, Luther aimed at no perfection but such as may consist of the every-day cares, and the common duties, and innocent delight of our social existence—at once the foremost of heroes, now oppressed with melancholy, and defying the powers of darkness, satanic or human; "then rejoicing in gladness and thankfulness of heart for all his abundance;" loving and beloved; communing with the wife of his bosom, prattling with his children; surrendering his overburdened mind to the charms of music, awake to every gentle voice, and to each cheerful aspect of nature or of art; responding alike to the divine impulse and to every human feeling; no chord unstrung in his spiritual or sensitive frame, but all blended together in harmonies as copious as the bounties of Providence, and as changeable as the vicissitudes of life. How remote from the "perfection" which Loyola proposed to himself, and which (unless we presume to disturb the Bulls by which he was beatified and canonized) we must suppose him to have attained? Drawn by infallible, not less distinctly than the fallible ladders, the portrait of the military priest of the Casa Profesa possesses the cold dignity and the grace of sculpture; but is wholly wanting in the mellow tones, the lights and shadows, the rich coloring and the skilful composition of the sister art.

There he stands, apart from us mortal men, familiar with visions which he may not communicate, and with joys which he cannot impart. Severe in the midst of raptures, composed in the very agonies of pain; a silent, austere, and solitary man; with a heart formed for tenderness, yet mortifying even his best affections; loving mankind as his brethren, and yet rejecting their sympathy; one while a squalid, care-worn, self-lacerated pauper, tormenting himself that so he might rescue others from sensuality; and then, a monarch reigning in secluded majesty, that so he might become the benefactor of his race, or a legislator exacting, though with no selfish purposes, an obedience as submissive and as prompt as done to the King of Kings.

Heart and soul we are for the Protestant. He who will be wiser than his maker is but seeming wise. He who will deaden one half of his nature to invigorate the other half, will become at best a distorted prodigy. Hard as are the pages, and mystic the characters in which truth is inscribed, he who can decipher the roll will read there, that self-adorning pride is the head spring of stoicism, whether Heathen or Christian. But there is a roll neither dark nor mystic, in which the simplest and most ignorant may learn in what the "perfection" of our humanity really consists. Throughout the glorious profusion of didactic precepts, of pregnant apothegms, lyric choral songs, of institutes ecclesiastical and civil, of historical legends biographies, of homilies and apologies, of prophetic menaces, of epistolary admonitions, and of positive laws which crowd the inspired Canon, there is still one consistent voice proclaiming to man, that the world within and the world without him were created for each other; that his interior life must be sustained and nourished by intercourse with external things; and that he then most nearly approaches to the perfection of his nature, when most conversant with the joys and sorrows of life and most affected by them, he is yet the best prepared to renounce the one or to endure the other its sale by which the security of society can in the cheerful submission to the will of Heaven.—[Edinburgh Review.]

THE NAVY OF THE UNITED STATES.—The number and class of vessels in the naval service on the first day of October, 1845, is stated by the Secretary, as follows:

Class.	In com.	In ordry.	Building.	Total.
Ships of the line,	4	2	5	11
Frigates,	7	3	3	14
Sloops of war,	15	6	2	22
Brigs,	5	1	0	6
Schooners,	5	1	0	6
Steamers,	6	3	2	11
Store ships,	4	1	0	5
	46	17	12	75

The Cholera is advancing with rapid strides towards St. Petersburg, whence no doubt it will make its way to Western Europe.